

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE 6

Book World

WASHINGTON POST
22 September 1985

THE TITLE has a real old-fashioned ring to it, and the contents do, too.

Take for instance the references to "peaceniks." Still, this novel is fun to read because it's as formulaic a "man's" book as a romance is a "woman's" book.

In a romance, readers want to know what the heroine is wearing. In a genre spy thriller, they ask what sort of weapon the hero is packing. In this book there are Walthers and Birettas and a .9 mm Steyr automatics as well as coshes which, for those not in the know, are similar to blackjacks.

In this book, too, there's that Maleness, that comradeship that literary critic Leslie Fiedler got famous identifying. In this version, the good guys sauna together and have at each other with birch switches. The bad guy, on the other hand, is into flagellation big time, and who but a raven-tressed lady (another Fiedler favorite) should wield the whip.

There are disguises aplenty, and some acid (again, the old-fashioned corrosive kind) is slipped into someone's aftershave.

My favorite passage, a threat, is worth quoting: "From his boot he pulled a knife, tested the edge with his thumb. 'Noses don't replace themselves.' "

In this case, the character's response mirrored the reviewer's own: "She shivered." ■

**THE KREMLIN
CONSPIRACY**

By E. Howard Hunt
Stein & Day. 336 pp. \$15.95